

GENASPRIN.

The War brought home to us the fact that many of the medicinal products in use in this country were produced in the chemical laboratories of Germany. The well-known firm of Genatosan, Ltd. (British Purchasers of the Sanatogen Co.), 12, Chenies Street, London, W.C.1., of which Viscountess Rhondda is chairman, which has so successfully produced for our use Sanatogen, and Formamint, in place of the German articles, has now, under the name of GENASPRIN, placed upon the market an improved form of Aspirin.

An important excerpt in the *Lancet* says of GENASPRIN that the purity of acetyl-salicylic acid is of importance if its dissolution is required to be deferred until the drug reaches the alkaline intestinal juice. It shows that GENASPRIN successfully passes this test, and states that the claim is substantiated that this preparation is a particularly pure specimen of acetyl-salicylic acid.

GRANNIE'S BIRTHDAY.

Grannie's birthday was an affair of some importance, for it falls to the lot of very few to celebrate their 101st anniversary. So it was decided on this unique occasion to give a tea party in which the whole ward could share.

"Owing to the increased cost of provisions" this could only be done on a very modest scale. But the money subscribed for the purpose was laid out to the very best advantage by the nurses, and the resulting purchases made a quite imposing show on the pretty paper d'oyleys which tastefully surrounded them.

Naturally, Grannie's tastes were consulted, and Sister being in her confidence suggested peppermint "humbugs" and black grapes. Granny sat erect in her bed arrayed in her scarlet jacket, her dear old face surrounded by the cosiest little white flannel cap imaginable, finished off with pretty white ribbons tied under her chin.

Early in the day a paper bag was insinuated into her hand, and though it was almost a hopeless task to try to make her hear the congratulations that accompanied it, she was fully alive to the nature of its contents.

"Be they humbugs?" she enquired in a voice that has reverted to the pipe of a little child.

Well, they were the nearest thing procurable in these difficult times, and the old lady proceeded at once to sample them, nodding her head as she did so in a satisfied manner. She had no intention either of parting from the bulk.

"Put 'em under my pillow," she commanded, and her wrinkled old hand stole up to assure herself they were in a place of safety.

The cakes and oranges were distributed to the sweet strains of the gramophone, which was placed on grannie's locker, in the hope that she might catch some of its inspiring sounds. Of course, her own friends had been invited to keep this festival with her.

The party was voted a great success by the other patients in the ward, who were all promised a similar festivity when they attained the same age. Grannie go bore the unpleasant experience of having her nose put out of joint with self-restraint, and enjoyed the cakes without any trace of jealousy.

Owing to Sister's thoughtfulness the sugar basin was handed round and everybody helped themselves. She said she thought the party enjoyed this as much as anything. "The little more, how much it is?"

How good it would be if more birthday parties could be given in Infirmary wards, where so little gives so much pleasure, and where so many of their inhabitants spend so many of their birthdays. What offers? H. H.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"CAMILLA."*

A new book by Miss Elizabeth Robins is an event her admirers have awaited with impatience. Now we have it in our hands, all fresh and new from the publisher, a volume of some bulk. But alas! instead of the treat that we had promised ourselves, we find ourselves profoundly disappointed, and wondering if indeed it can be the gifted authoress of the "Magnetic North" who has penned "Camilla."

Camilla is an American divorcée. Her share in the affair had been entirely free from blame. While travelling on the Continent (which she was able to do in perfect comfort, not to say luxury, her late husband being a millionaire) she came across the family of Nuncarrow. Michael Nuncarrow fell in love with her without any more ado. The introduction of Camilla to the family circle in their ancient home at Nuncarrow is the best piece of writing in the book.

"Mrs. Nuncarrow looked at Camilla with Michael's eyes and brows, but she spoke with a different mouth. The lower part of the long face was rough hewn, the chin heavy, the unmodelled lips more than a little grim.

"Are you cold?"

Camilla said she wasn't cold; but she made no effort to disguise the fact that she was chilled.

A sound of suppressed laughter came from Tony's end of the table. In their soft voices the young people continued some interrupted argument. It was as if even they were conscious of having their part in conveying to the stranger "We do not make the smallest difference in our ways because of you. Whoever you may be, we shall not by any means forget that Tony is telling something that may be Greek to you, but is intensely diverting to us.

Later Camilla found herself mounting the staircase with old Mrs. Nuncarrow. No pretence of conversation. No word till she paused at the door

* By Elizabeth Robins. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

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