

a general scrubbing of floors, whitewashing and paper hanging of the walls, and painting of the windows and doors in their sections. The municipality also cleaned up streets and garbage heaps, and the gardens were put in order and many new ones laid out. On the whole, we are more than satisfied with the results obtained.

On July 23rd, the baby contests were also held in our four centres at Reims; those of St. Brice, St. Nicaise, and Avenue de Laon, were especially successful. Practically every baby competed, and already two direct results have been remarked. First, the œuvre, "Retour de Reims," has asked permission to install a consultation of nourrissons in our dispensary, Avenue de Laon, under the care of our nurses; and second, the Directrice of the Gouttes de Lait of Laon, reports a marked increase in the number of babies inscribed in their various Gouttes de Lait since the contests. Tremendous interest also was shown by the judges chosen from all quarters of Reims—doctors, sage-femmes, influential members of the community, &c. Prizes were given and diplomas are being awarded also. Incidentally, the newspaper write-ups were excellent.

TOUR DE VILLE—SOISSONS

Our nursing headquarters at Tour de Ville, having become much too small for their present needs, we have moved the dispensary to the building, where we had the canteen during the summer months. There we have a dispensary, waiting-room and nurse's room, for the nurse at Tour de Ville stays there all day and does not return for lunch. We have also installed three bain douches after the system which Miss Morgan saw employed in America and brought us back a photograph of, consisting of an ordinary pail with a hole in it, rubber tubing and an arrosoir, attached to the wall with a pulley and an ordinary zinc tub, in which the child stands. The old dispensary room has been turned into a sleeping room for the children of the Garderie, as they also were much too cramped in their old quarters.

STAFF.

Mlle. Abram, who has been with the American Committee for almost two years, at our Vic centre, has been obliged to give up her work with the Committee owing partly to the ill-health of her parents and partly to the fact that she herself is over-tired and needs a long rest. The Committee regrets that Mlle. Abram was obliged to sever her connection with it, and hopes that the health of her parents will improve and that she will be able to take her much-needed rest.

AISNE AND REIMS.

3,354 visits to dispensary.
7,276 visits to the homes.
7,704 treatments given.
384 transports of patients to hospital, doctors' offices and homes.
47 children sent to the country.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"MR. PROHACK."*

Of course, everyone will read "Mr. Prohack," but very few will understand him, and, as neither his wife, nor his son and daughter, nor his secretary nor butler did so, the reader may be forgiven if he or she owns to mystification. We do not pretend to explain him. Maybe Mr. Arnold Bennett could do so. Anyhow, he must be read.

We will start with the author's description of his remarkable creation.

"He was a fairly tall man, with a big head, big features, and a beard.

"His characteristic expression denoted benevolence, based on an ironic realisation of the humanity of human nature."

(This same ironic realisation is pursued to the point of the exasperation of all those with whom he has to deal). He had been in the Treasury more than twenty years.

His wife was a buxom woman of forty-three. He always addressed her as Eve. Her earthly name was Marian, and he adored her.

The opening of the book presents them as the new poor, and Mrs. Prohack sniffing damply at breakfast time, because the housekeeping money was insufficient.

Even his wife's tears did not deter his humour.

"Arthur, if you go on like that I shall scream."

"Do," Mr. Prohack encouraged her. "But, of course, not too loud."

Hysterically, she points out to him that the Government has behaved shamefully to him, but "there's one thing we can do, we can move into a cheaper house."

"No!" Mr. Prohack concurred, "Because there isn't one."

"Well, as you're so desperately wise, perhaps you'll kindly tell me what we are to do."

They discussed devices. One servant fewer. No holiday. No books. No cigarettes. No taxis. No clothes. No meat. No telephone. No friends.

"There's one thing I shall do," said Mrs. Prohack, in a decided tone. "I shall countermand Sissie's new frock."

"If you do I shall divorce you. In 1917 I saw that girl in dirty overalls driving a thundering great van down Whitehall. Yesterday I met her in her foolish high heels and her shocking openwork stockings, and her negligible dress and her exposed throat and fur stole, and she was so delicious and absurd and futile, and so sure of her power that—that—well you aren't going to countermand any new frock."

Fortunately, or perhaps unfortunately, a totally unexpected legacy suddenly transported the Prohack family from the new poor to the "new rich"—very rich.

Certainly Mr. Prohack was none the happier for the change, but it provided unlimited facilities for his eccentricities.

* By Arnold Bennett. (Methuen & Co., London.)

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