

SAFETY-FIRST MILK

Cleanliness the Life-Saver

WHAT PASTEURISATION MEANS

Milk is one of the most important subjects of the day. As a food for children it is nearly perfect—if it is clean.

But there are degrees of cleanliness. Milk is dirty if it is brought from dirty farms and carried in dirty milk-cans by dirty hands. When all these kinds of dirt are provided against it may still be unclean because it contains harmful microbes coming from the cows.

There are two ways of guarding against this great danger. One is by ridding the cattle of the country of the cows which carry the bacillus of tuberculosis. It is no longer denied that such cows can transmit the bacillus of what was named bovine tuberculosis through their milk to human beings. This is a very drastic method which does not commend itself to the owners of cattle.

Fighting a Scourge

It would be very costly, and there would be a loud outcry if any Government attempted to enforce it. But at a recent congress in London of scientific men from all over the world, America as well as Europe represented among them, it was stated that this was the only way to get rid completely of that scourge of tuberculosis, now happily diminishing.

The second way, which would be less costly and would contribute to the same end, is to pasteurise all milk. This was what was meant when Mr Robert Morrison, M.P., asked the Minister of Health, Sir Kingsley Wood, if he would consider regulations making the pasteurisation of all milk compulsory. Sir Kingsley Wood said he had no power to do so.

Pasteurisation, named after Pasteur, affords a means whereby milk is raised to and maintained at a temperature between 170 and 180 degrees Fahrenheit for eight or ten minutes. This temperature destroys the tubercle bacilli if they happen to be there; it is also expected to destroy any other disease germs, such as those of scarlet fever. There is evidence to show that two outbreaks of scarlet fever, one at Chelmsford and the other at Denham, Bucks, were due to an infected raw milk supply. Chelmsford had 2000 cases of illness. Another outbreak, of typhoid, round about Bournemouth, was also put down to milk.

A Costly Process

Pasteurisation has to be carried out in a closed vessel, and the milk has to be kept moving, so as to prevent the formation of a scum, or scalded layer, in which the bacteria can take refuge. It will be seen that it is therefore a process rather costly in time and utensils. Milk sellers charge extra for it.

Yet if the milk that all are now asking for schoolchildren is to do them more good than harm pasteurisation is the only safe way of dealing with it. Folkestone and Hartlepool have decided that all milk supplied to their schoolchildren shall be pasteurised. Poole is asking Parliament for powers to compel the pasteurisation of milk in its area; and Bristol, Brighton, and Hull are supporting its request.

London has one of the safest milk supplies in the world, yet one-tenth of it is not pasteurised; and in Manchester one quarter is without this safeguard.

Where the lives and health of children are affected there should be no dirty milk for sale.

NEXT WEEK'S C N

Owing to the Easter holidays the C N will be ready on Tuesday next week instead of Thursday.

Cradle of Our Immortal Heritage

SHAKESPEARE'S HELPING HAND FOR SHOREDITCH

The Master Englishman By the Thames

Shakespeare and Shoreditch! Far apart they may seem in imagination, yet in truth they are very near, for Shoreditch was the cradle of our immortal heritage.

Who does not like this passage from Mr Winston Churchill's speech the other day?

It seems to me a very wonderful thing that this first of all English writers, whose works will carry forward the message of the English race long after we have ceased to be, should stretch out a hand across the centuries and help these poor people in a poor district where so many of the struggling years of his life were spent, and where he actually penned some of those masterpieces of literature and of human life and philosophy which will ever be famous so long as the English language is spoken in any quarter of the globe.

Mr Churchill was speaking at a Shakespeare Exhibition in aid of the Shoreditch Housing Association—how Shakespeare would be thrilled to realise that Shoreditch is to have a block of dwellings named Shakespeare House, and another Burbage House! Let us see how it is that Shakespeare is linked with Shoreditch.

London's First Playhouse

From Shoreditch, one of the smallest and most crowded of London's towns, came the greatest heritage of the human mind, the dramas of Shakespeare. It was to Shoreditch that he turned for bread when he came to London, a young man without a plan or a profession, drawn to the great city where he had only one friend, Richard Field, a fellow-townsmen who had set up as a printer at Blackfriars.

But Shakespeare was no printer, and had nothing to print at Blackfriars. Destiny awaited him at Shoreditch, where was London's first playhouse, called The Theatre, built in 1577 by James Burbage. Near it was a smaller house, The Curtain, established in 1578. The Theatre, built of timber and without a roof, with penny and twopenny and threepenny tickets, stood in Curtain Road, to which the younger house had given its name, and a tablet in the road still tells us of the sites of these historic playhouses.

These theatres and the yards of certain inns were the only places where plays could be seen in London, for the City authorities had banished dramatic performances beyond their walls, and James Burbage had staked his fortune here, where he was subject only to the jurisdiction of tolerant county magistrates. The story is that Shakespeare first held the horses at the theatre, and that he was afterwards admitted as a sort of call-boy or assistant prompter, then set to cobble, patch, and write up scenes of old plays, and finally given a part in the performances, growing famous as an actor before he was known as an author.

Plays Without Scenery

Throughout his life he was an actor, chosen to appear before Queen Elizabeth, playing parts in the works of Ben Jonson as well as his own. We know actually of only two parts he played, the ghost in Hamlet and Adam in As You Like It, but we know that Shoreditch, like Southwark, saw him in many characters.

In the old theatres here, before turbulent and riotous audiences, his deathless works were presented under an open sky, without scenery, with no women in the cast, all his matchless gallery of heroines played by boys or men. In Shoreditch lived his friends; in Shoreditch they lie. In St Leonard's Church is a tablet set up by the London

Shakespearean League in memory of some of the best known of his associates who sleep within its bounds.

Here is William Somers, Henry the Eighth's jester, and Richard Tarleton, Queen Elizabeth's clown, said to have been inimitable in Shakespeare's comic parts. It is thrilling to imagine the scenes in which jester and clown must have figured, for they were near the Throne in the days of our most dazzling Tudor monarchs, yet here they lie in Shoreditch, all but forgotten by the throng for ever passing by. Here also lie Richard Cowley, Nicholas Wilkinson, and William Sly, Sly being the son of the Puritan author of an attack on the theatre, yet playing regularly with Shakespeare, and known to have been the first Osric in Hamlet.

In this church of St Leonard lies another member of the company, Gabriel Spencer, the actor Ben Jonson slew in a duel in 1598, escaping the death penalty for it by proving that he, Shakespeare's friend, could read, and being sent forth branded with the T of Tyburn on his thumb. Here is a man named Fortunatus Greene, son of that Robert Greene who wrote on his deathbed the attack on Shakespeare as an Upstart Crow; and near him lies Nicholas Wilkinson, an original actor in Shakespeare's plays, who left money to buy bread for the poor.

The Founder of Our Drama

Most famous of all the silent company of St Leonard's are the three Burbages, James and his two sons, Cuthbert and Richard. No man can have known Shakespeare more intimately than Richard Burbage. We know him as an artist as well as an actor, for two of the pictures he painted in his house at Holywell Street, Shoreditch (one his own portrait), hang in Dulwich Art Gallery, the college built by his friend and fellow-actor Edward Alleyn.

Although the best actor of his age, he was short and stout, a fact believed to have been responsible for the queen's reference to her son Hamlet as "fat and scant o' breath," when he is about to fight the duel with Laertes. When he was laid to rest in St Leonard's his funeral was a wonder of the age.

In this church, then, lie the men who helped to bring our drama into being, who gave it form and substance on the stage, taking their bows and stage directions as they came, without blot or erasure, from the swift hand of their author. They played their parts, lived their hour, drew their wages, and passed to the grave with no thought that they were sharing in the most dazzling immortality that our history has known.

But for those stark little theatres at Shoreditch Shakespeare plays might never have been written. They were the something which drew to itself the genius waiting for its immortality.

NEWS FROM TWO LETTERS

Here are two interesting items from two letters in the Press.

1. Found in a Lincolnshire orchard the other day were daffodils pushing through the snow under an old apple tree still bearing bunches of last year's apples; and near by a flowering currant bush, covered with delicate new leaves and pink blossoms.

2. The writer was sitting by a good fire when a starling fell down the chimney and fell into the room, together with red-hot coals it had knocked out of the fire. The dog, lying on the rug, was so excited that he had to be removed, by which time the starling flew out of the window—unhurt!

GONE AWAY

Lord Strathnairn on His Bronze Horse

Has anyone seen Lord Strathnairn and his charger?

Some of the thousands who every day go by way of Knightsbridge would reply without hesitation that he is at the corner where the Brompton Road and the road to Kensington divide. They would be wrong. Lord Strathnairn rode away on his horse in January.

Few miss him because, unless it were the Cobden statue, on the way to Hampstead, or Nelson on his column, few look often at London statues; and not one in a thousand reads the inscription. But Lord Strathnairn's description warranted him as one who should not be lightly forgotten. It declared him "Chivalrous and brave; an intrepid leader; the friend of the soldier. For 65 years in the service of his Queen and country, his splendid gallantry won the devotion of the troops he led so often to victory."

While he was all that, there should be a place for him in British hearts if the Brompton Road cannot find one. He was a soldier, Ensign Hugh Henry Rose in the Sutherland Highlanders in 1820; when George the Fourth was king, and for 50 years saw service in all parts of the world. He was the bravest of men; he knew no fear, he was undoubtedly the soldier's soldier.

A Tale of Two Generals

His best service was in the Indian Mutiny, and among the commanders brought to light in those dark days he was one of the best. Kalpi, Jhansi, Gwalior, half-forgotten names now but memorable then, were on his standard. Before the Mutiny he had fought in the Crimea, where he should have had the Victoria Cross; he was wounded before then in the conflicts in Syria between Turks and Egyptians, and helped to smooth the feuds between Druses and Maronites.

Many honours were his, but the story of him we like best is that while he was commanding in Bombay he recommended the removal of two brigadier-generals from their commands for having omitted to visit the hospitals during an outbreak of cholera.

A merciful man was this soldier, whose statue (with his horse) was cast in bronze by Onslow Ford from guns taken in India, and placed as near as might be to a soldier's barracks. We hope it may find itself again, perhaps away from the busy thoroughfare in the sylvan peace of Hyde Park.

A QUEER CARGO

On her voyage from Australia the Matakana arrived in Durban recently with a strange cargo.

A wealthy Englishman had ordered a collection of beasts and reptiles for his private zoo, and the freighter had on board 200 snails, 20 frogs, two blue-tongued and two giant skinks, two water-dragons, and five tortoises.

When this strange collection reached Durban in Natal all the creatures were doing well, but here the first mishap occurred. Two frogs escaped as the ship was entering the harbour. One jumped overboard and was seen no more, while the second found its way to the captain's bath. One of the lizards laid nine eggs during the voyage of the Matakana across the Indian Ocean.

THE HAPPY FORTY

This will be a memorable year for 40 secondary schoolchildren from the Province of Ontario. They will come to England to attend the Coronation ceremonies, including the Empire service to Youth to be held in Westminster Abbey in its Coronation setting on May 19.

Selection of the fortunate children is being undertaken by the Overseas Education League. They will need to get 65 per cent of their marks in each school subject to qualify for the outing.